

When Canning wrote to him to offer the great seal added at the end 'Phillpotts *non obstante*.' Canning wished to get Brougham out of the H. of C., and offered him the Chief Barony of the Exchequer. B. took time to consider, and was to report to the Lord Chancellor : declined to Lyndhurst, saying that he had consulted his brother (the one who died), who recommended him not to leave the H. of C.

Lyndhurst, not very sanguine as to the success of the Canning Cabinet; but the great seal and a peerage! 'Who would refuse it? I thought I would not baulk fortune, and that a seat in the H. of L. would always keep me a career.' Canning had resolved not only not to press the Catholic Question, but had promised the King that he would prevent it being carried in the Commons. Difficulty in forming a Cabinet unrivalled. Now the difficulty is to satisfy so many, then to find Ministers. The seals of the Home Office actually begging, as Canning wanted a Protestant Secretary. At last Sturges Bourne took them out of mere friendship. Canning elated at obtaining the adhesion of Lansdowne: Holland very eager to take office.

Nothing annoyed Canning more than the denunciation of Lord Grey. Said to Lyndhurst, 'I feel I must remain in the Commons, but I am half tempted to ask for a peerage merely to let fly at him.' Nothing could exceed the virulence of the party of defection. There was a dinner, I think, at Bathurst's. It had been an invitation of a month. The Copleys had been asked before the break-up. L. hesitated about going, but thought it was shabby and spiritless to decline. Went and sat next to Mrs. Arbuthnot: nothing could be more bitter. The only person who was civil and good-humoured was old Eldon. Lady L. sat next to him.

Canning had been long ailing. Eat voraciously. There was a Cabinet dinner at Lord L.'s at Wimbledon. A beautiful day with a clear blue sky, but a cutting easterly wind. Canning rode down. They were tempted by the fine weather to hold the Cabinet in the garden. Soon Canning complained of the cold and shivered. Went in to dinner, but even the dinner, though he eat voraciously, did not remove it. Went home, was taken ill, and died very shortly.

Nothing can give an idea of the scene under Goderich. No order at the Cabinet. A most ludicrous scene. Nothing ever done. Anglesea sitting with a napkin round his head from the tic, but the only one who seemed to exert himself. As they went home L. said to a colleague, 'This can never last.' In a few

days Goderich sent for L. to Downing Street — walking up and down the room in great agitation, wringing his hands, and even shedding tears. Told L. that he must resign. L.